THE SYNAGOGUE, OR, THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations.

In imitation of

Mr. *George Herbert.*

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The fourth Edition, corrected and enlarged.

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To the Author.

HE that doth imitate muſt comprehend;
Verſe, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit;
For theſe all our Church-Poet doth intend,
And he who hath this Imitation writ.
O glory of the time! beſt Engliſh Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. L.

Subterliminare.

Dic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.
Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxilius?*
Auxilius multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est,
Tanta est ex dictis ista orienda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo:
Nec facile est litem componi posse mihi.
Divide: Materiam det gratia, materiæque
Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti *tal a dicta dabit.*
In Templo Herbertus *condendo est gratia totus,*
Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graijæ quoque cedite Musæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

A ſtepping-ſtone to the threſhold of Mr. Herberts *Church-porch.*

WHat Church is this? Chriſts Church. Who build-
Maſter *George Herbert.* Who aſſiſted it? (ed it?
Many aſſiſted: who I may not ſay,
So much contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay grace gave all, wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſaies, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and ſaies, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I eaſily the right define.
Divide: ſay, grace the matter gave, and wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſur'd, and made fit,
Each ſev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not pleaſe them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expreſſions, and the meaſures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple Maſter *Herbert*
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muſes all give way:
One Engliſh Poem darken's all your day.

The

The Dedication.

LOrd, my first fruits should have been sent to thee:
For thou the tree
That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But, while I had the use, the fruit was mine:
Not so divine,
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground:
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou knowst how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest,
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

The Church-yard.

THou, that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in thy way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his deaths indentures.

The Church-ſtile.

SEeſt thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win Celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins, and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy ſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to ſup,
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him would'ſt have:
His labour's loſt, if thou thy ſelf canſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of grace.
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping,
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The Church-gate.

NExt to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
Eas'ly be ſhut, or open'd with an hand;
Yet conſtant to its center ſtill doth ſtay,
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

Such muſt the courſe be that to heaven tends,
He that the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
Muſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
And fix himſelf in God, as in his center.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

We never wander, till we looſe our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found.
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

The Church-walls.

NOw view the walls: the Church is compaſs'd round,
As much for ſafety, as for ornament:
'Tis an incloſure, and no common ground:
'Tis Gods free hold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God

God will have all, or none; allows no scope
For sins incroachments, or mens own intrutions.
Close binding locks his Laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all or else for none:
Obedience universal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canst not reach, at least take aym::
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hood-winck't shoot, or in the dark.

The Church.

LAstly, consider where the Church doth stand,
As near unto the middle as may be:
God in his service chiefly doth command,
Above all other things sincerity.
Lines drawn from side to side within a round;
Not meeting in the center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing,
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him;
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A sacred temple of the holy Ghost
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchimy,
That casts a golden tincture upon brass:
There is no essence in it: 'tis a lye.
Though fairly stamp't for truth it often pass::
Only the spirits *aqua regia* doth
Discover it to be but painted froth.

The Church-porch.

NOw, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast (seen;
Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory:
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity; It blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not:
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own:
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who seeketh more
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment:
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Until it reach unto the same extent.

For

For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength,
And meaſure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that conſtancy muſt knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions faſt:
He that ſets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he, that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits, and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrength they

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together.
What pride puffs up with vain futility,
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Anothers worth, but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy ſpiritual ſtate,
And others graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thy ſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy leſſon now, and this is juſt.
The ſum of all. He that deſires to ſee
The face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed: (ſpeed.
Elſe the more haſte thou mak'ſt, the worſe thy
Church.

Church-Utensils.

BEtwixt two dang'rous rocks, Prophaneness on
Th' one side, on th' other Superstition,
How shall I sail secure?
Lord, be my steers-man, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves orewhelm
My sails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the sea
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'le ply mine oars,
And cry a fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to despise my rhymes;
Because they tune not to the times;
I wish may not intrude
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods house, will like his houshold stuff.

The Font.

THe Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of stone?
Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?

And may not beggers well contented be
Their first alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may see
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What?

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-bloud run forth?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are al'y'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter: yet, untill
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comliness
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's, as federal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,
By cov'nants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs, be not affraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
When ever practis'd truly, will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antidated at the Font.

The reading Pue.

HEre my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
Here seasoneth her infant taste,
And at her mother-nurse the Churches dugs
With lab'ring lips and tongue she tugs.
For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal seed:
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpose to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
Who seek the standard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
Those Comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat so much on variation,
That no set Forms at all they can endure
To be prescrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But, why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an infant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not

Nurslings

Nurſlings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind?

Let them that would build caſtles in the air,
Vault thither, without ſtep or ſtair,
Inſtead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take degrees, *per ſaltum*, though of quick
Diſpatch, is but a truants trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our letters well,
Then ſyllables, then words to ſpell;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not alwaies true,
Whoſe way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

The Book of Common Prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' book? And Common?
Yes, Why not;
The ſpirit of grace,
And ſupplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him that praies
With's heart, what with his mouth he ſaies.

They that in private by themſelves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the waies, Where-

Wherein to make
Their ſouls moſt intimate affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
Th'are moſt conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and ſay
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.
And why ſhould not
That, which authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As ſence, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book, The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he ſhould do aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better light
To guid him in the night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring ſtomach and digeſtion good:

And

*A*nd if he be amiſs,
*T*his the beſt phyſick is.

*T*he true Panchreſton 'tis for ev'ry ſore,
*A*nd ſickneſs, which
*T*he poor, and rich
With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
*A*n antidote, as well
*A*s remedy 'gainſt hell.

'*T*is heaven in perſpective, and the bliſs
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on earth anticipated is,
Whilſt faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking glaſs of ſouls, wherein
*A*ll men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th' are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better caſe,
*A*s new adorn'd with grace.

'*T*is the great Magazine of ſpir'tual arms,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillerie
Of heaven ready charg'd againſt all harms,
*T*hat might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counſel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
*A*re order'd ſo,
That every man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe application make.

It

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs
That takes this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence:
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he finds ſuch another.

The Pulpit.

THis dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God ſend me a good cook
This is the dreſſer bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm ſure the Maſter of the houſe
Enough to entertain his gueſts allows:
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But choyce of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taſte and ſtomach good:
My feeding will diverſifie my food,
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digeſtion, that makes good meat.

The

The beſt food in it ſelf will be,
Not fed on well, poyſon, not food, to me.
Let him that ſpeaks look to his words; my ear.
Muſt careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himſelf, but what he ſhould.

Here the ſame fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
Of all tranſcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitneſs anſwerable; ſo,
That none needs hence unſatisfied go,
Whoſe ſtomach ſerves him unto any thing,
That health, ſtrength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilſt they ſpare
To come and take it, they muſt blame
Themſelves, if they continue ſtill the ſame.
The body's fed by food, which it
Aſſimilates, and to it ſelf doth fit:
But, that the ſoul may feed, it ſelf muſt be
Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the ſtrongeſt men muſt be
As new born babes, when ever they it ſee,
Deſiring, not deſpiſing it.
For ſtrong meat babes muſt ſtay, and ſtrive to fit
Themſelves in time, until they can

Get

Get by degrees (which best beseem a man)
Experience exercised senses, able
Good to discern from evill, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
The steward reaching out a mess for me.
Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
What e'er it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamins* choice mess,
Five times as much as others, but far less;
Yea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
I'll bless the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, sit still
And see what th' Master of the feast
Will carve unto me, and account that best,
Which he doth choose for me, not I
My self desire: yea, though I should espy
Some fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholsom, though
The sauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
Empty away, and starve my soul,
To feed my foolish fancy; but controul
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft instead of strength diseases brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

The Communion Table.

HEre stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce, And

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage ſupper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, ſome the holy Table.
The name I ſtick not at:
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, ſo that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called ſo.

And for the matter whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or mettal, what will laſt, or fade;
So vanity,
And ſuperſtition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to ſee it found
Of any faſhion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round;
If cloſe it be,
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet; methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greateſt decency,
And that which maketh moſt for union:
But needleſly
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or ſide, but ſeemingly, in th' action.

At

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it self appear,
Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

If others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may
As hath been done alway,
By th' best, and most; I will my self do so.
Of one accord
The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this bloud, to us,
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
This Wine.
This heav'nly food

Is

Is too to good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can
There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctitie's not ty'd
To state,
Yet sure Religion should not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be set forth,
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King unto whose cross all Kings must vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike sail:
Whose frowns,
And smiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice: and whose word
Is pow'r,
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to speak eternity of bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me,
As food,
Shall I suppose his carriages can be Too

Is

Too good ;
No : Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough, to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see :
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

STay. Officers in Church ? Take heed : it is
A tender matter to be touch't.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch't,
I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted men :
Others into the number more would bring,
Then I see warrant for : So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter : if men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are :
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men : and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The

The Sexton.

THe Churches key keeper opens the door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the floor,
Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again:
All Emblems unto men,
Openly own'ing Chriſtianity,
To mark, and learn many good leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thy ſelf to be
Our ſouls door-keeper, by thy bleſſed ſpirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſin-ſoyl'd ſouls from th' dirt and duſt
Of every noyſome luſt,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections;
The beeſome of afflictions,
With th' bleſſing of thy ſpirit added to it,
If thou be pleas'd to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd,
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may chime all in.

Let all our ſins be buri'd in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal ſhame,
And th' ſcandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine houſe attend,
Rather than th' throne of wickedneſs aſcend.

The Cleark.

THe Churches Bible-Cleark attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure,
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are alwaies tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penmans heart:
All Muſick is but diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without affections anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as husks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth
Some Aromatick ſmels.
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt Judas like
Through *Marics* ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtrike.

Lord,

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to our ſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy command,
So that, not we alone, but thou may'ſt ſay
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overſeer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none,
In their neceſſity,
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or imployment: thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs idleneſs,
Or riotous exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy ſelf, doſt give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than ſeeing.
For th' poor with thee: they are thy ſpecial charge;
To them thou doſt thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four ſorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'ſt
Though alwaies diff'rently,
With ſuch indiff'rency,
That none hath reaſon to complain: thou heal'ſt
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themſelves, thou leav'ſt them to endure
The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, and rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful supply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
And their estate is blest
In this above the rest,
It was thy choice, whilst thou on earth did'st stay,
And had'st not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
Although not many such:
And no man needs to grutch
Their happiness, who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor easily can withstand
The strong temptations that attend on riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to storms than ditches.

Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor,
And destitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it,
Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lye.

Some sp'ritually poor, and destitute
Of grace in th' world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accurs'd both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungring and thirsting after righteousness,
Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy self,
No want of worldly pelf

Shall

Shal make me diſcontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are beſt:
But, above all the reſt,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharme the witches.

The Church-Warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings alwaies in repaire,
Unwilling that any decay ſhould creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd
Nothing diſplac'd
He likes; but moſt doth long and love to ſee
The living ſtones order'd as they ſhould be.

Lord, thou not only ſuper-viſor art
Of all our works, but in all thoſe,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefeſt part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we ſhould do, unleſs by thee directed:
It proſpers not that's by our ſelves projected.

That, which we think our ſelves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worſe:
Reforming of religion by war
Is th' chymick bleſſing of a curſe.
Great odds it is,
That we ſhall miſs
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

'Tis ſtrange we ſo much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others ſcorn.
As if our ſelves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us moſt adorn

We purposely
Choose to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In high'st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When cloath'd in needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to stand
Her need in any stead, much less to be
An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pitty on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:
Cloath all her enemies with shame:
All the despight that's done unto her reaches
To the dishonour of thy name.
Make all her sons,
Rich precious stones;
To shine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Minister.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any finister
Intent, us'd specially,
He's purposly ordain'd to Minister,
In sacred things, t'another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
He doth what he should do,
In some things, not in all: is led
By law, and custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient authority.

Loves

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessitie,
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humility;
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Pleas'd with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'st of thy self profess
Thou wast as one that serv'd,
And freely choosest to go less,
Though none so much deserv'd.
With what face can we then refuse to be
Entred thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie:
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t'use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
Whom thou hast left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And minister to thee,
Though not so well as thou may'st well expect;
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t'accept.

The Priest.

THe Priest, I say: the Presbyter, I mean,
As now adaies he's call'd.

By many men: but I chooſe to retain
The name wherewith inſtal'd
He was at firſt in our own mother tongue:
And doing ſo, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Prieſt, I ſay, 's a middle Officer
Between the Biſhop and
The Deacon, as a middle offerer,
Which in the Church doth ſtand
Between God and the people, ready preſt
In the behalf of both to do his beſt.

From him to them offers the promiſes
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confeſs,
Their pray'rs and praiſes takes,
And offers for them, at the throne of grace:
Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and ſacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth diſpence,
The flouriſhes of falſhood to deface,
With truths clear evidence;
And ſins uſurped tyranny ſuppreſs,
B' advancing righteouſneſs, and holineſs.

The publick cenſures of the Church he ſees
To execution brought:
But nothing raſhly of himſelf decrees:
Nor covets to be thought
Wiſer than his ſuperiours; whom alwaies
He actively, or paſſively obeys.

Lord Jeſus, thou the Mediatour art
Of the new Teſtament,
And fully did'ſt perform thy double part
Of God and man, when ſent

To

To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
Thou art a Priest for ever.
With perfect righteousnes thy self do'st deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.

Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,
And didst his honour seek,
More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,
Being thy self so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
Before it ruine bring
Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd:
As if 't were no such thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

The Bishop.

THe Bishop? Yes: why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But sure if men did not despise the thing,
Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,
But one superiour, to oversee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
This the main diff'rence is, that I can see,
Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can shew of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were;
Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
I'assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to it self, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
If constituted so at first, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unity ariseth,
And th' essence of it is subordination,
Who ever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part,

To rule and to be ruled are distinct
And sev'ral duties, sev'rally belong
To sev'ral persons can no more be link't
In all together, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her soveraign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd.
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Then punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
With thine own bloud: to them thou do'st impart
The benefits, which thou hast merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit.

The

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect,
Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks
Provoke thee to remove our candle-ſticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe t' adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones,
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new Hieruſalem upon.

And, at the brightneſs of its riſing, let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for walls and bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole World thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joyes, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels muſick, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

Usher

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
Gilded sun-beams, refined Elixars,
And quintessential extracts of stars;
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

HAile	Vaile
Holy	Wholly
King of daies,	To thy praise,
The Emperour,	For evermore,
Or universal	Must the rehersal
Monarch of time, the weeks	Of all, that honour seeks
Perpetual Dictatour.	Under the worlds Creatour.
Thy	My
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet must needs
The reach of art,	Yield thee mine heart,
To blazon fully,	And that not dully:
And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of souls, not lips
When I most strive to raise	Alone, are fit to praise thee.
(thee.	
What	That
Nothing	Slow thing
Else can be,	Time by thee
Thou only art;	Hath got the start,
Th' extracted spirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternity,	That immortality
By favour antidated.	Which sin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body so,
That my soul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to six daies owe.

The

The Annunciation, or Lady day.

UNnto the muſick of the ſphears
Let men, and Angels, joyn in conſort theirs.
So great a meſſenger,
From heaven to earth,
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attir'd in ſo much glory.
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory:
This by a double right, if any may,
Be truly ſtil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraightway,
So as he ſaw it good:
But e'er that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood;
His wiſdom with his mercy, for mans ſake,
Againſt his juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this daies news,
Able the meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb.

A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she believ'd, and for eternal bliss
Reli'd on him, whom she
Her self should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As she had done
Sute their behaviour,
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation day.

The Nativity, or Christmas day.

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold.
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose center, and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,

And:

And infinite in each reſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where,
And alwaies, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely poure
Forth all thy light into that houre,
Which was crowned with his birth.
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

The Circumciſion, or New-years day.

SOrrow betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviours tender fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an eighth daies age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-bloud,
Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world great God?
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine incarnation?

Is it to antidate thy death? T'indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy bloud,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt die?

If man muſt needs draw bloud of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to die?
Did'ſt thou thus early bleed

For

For us to shew what need
We have to hasten unto thee as fast,
And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should do so; Yet in this bloud
There's something else, that must be understood:
It seals thy covenant,
That so we may not want
Witness enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to thee:
So that thy loss and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ thy death in bloud:
Baptism in water seals my livelihood.

O blessed change! Yet, rightly understood,
That bloud was water, and this water's bloud.
What shall I give again,
To recompence thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:
To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfthday.

GReat, without controversie great,
They that do know it will confess
The mystery of godliness;
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat. God

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that, which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
Th' eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news:
And Wisemen guided by a Star,
To seek the sun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from his own; but these,
Though strangers, his resplendent rayes
Of Majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give;
And worshipping him plainly show,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of flesh,
The sun of righteousness appears,
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like *I* may to others shine,
And guide them to that sun divine,
Whose day-light never shall expire.

The Passion, or Good Fryday.

THis day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not sorrow slain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give

His

His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliss?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forsake his glorious throne,
And mount a cross, the stage of infamy,
That so he might not die alone,
But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,
To keep me living still? Alas!
Methinks some thorn out of his crown, some nail,
At least his spear, might pierce, and pass
Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart,
As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?
Would he lay down a price so great,
And not look that his purchases should grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His just desire? O no, it cannot be:
His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
That I might live: yet died so,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death must go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull soul, and if thou canst not die,
Dissolve thy self into a sea
Of living tears, whose streams may ne'r go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joyes, but those alone,
Which sorrow claimeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joyes: and I am glad That

That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be ſad,
And ſorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief ſhould be,
If I could grieve ſo, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth ſee,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou haſt given them unto me:
So my deſires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my ſake then, but thine own, be pleaſed
With that, which thou thy ſelf haſt raiſed.

The Reſurrection, or Eaſter day.

UP, and away,
Thy Savior's gone before.
Why doſt thou ſtay,
Dull ſoul? Behold the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee riſe,
Whoſe pow'r hath vanquiſh't all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilſt in the grave thou ly'ſt:
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't
More highly than to keep it buri'd, where
Thou canſt not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenneſs,
And duſt ſo pleaſant to thee,
That happineſs,

And

And heaven, cannot wooe thee
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
Those fetters, which to death, and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou say'st,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'st,
To shew, by thy behaviour,
That thou art risen with him; Till thou shine
Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?

Early he rose,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowsie head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-seised soul, and see
What cobweb-tyes
They are, that trammel thee:
Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought,
With his hearts bloud;
And it must there be sought,
Where he keeps residence, who rose this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

The Ascention, or holy Thursday.

MOunt, mount, my soul, and climbe, or rather flye,
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended:
And he must be attended

Both

Both in his conqueſt and his triumph too.
His glories ſtrongly wooe
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full luſtre, untill both be there,

Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are lone men they ſay;
And do'ſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on earth, whilſt thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineſs bereaven?

Nothing that thou canſt think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And, above all the reſt,
Thy life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But tour, my ſoul, and ſoar above the skyes,
Where thy true treaſure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and ſprightly wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in deed, yet in deſire.

Whitſunday.

NAy, ſtartle not to hear that ruſhing wind,
Wherewith this place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find,
How much thou art miſtaken;

If

If thou think here
Is any cauſe of fear.

See'ſt thou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumor of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

To hear at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

Mock not, prophane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:

To publiſh to the World that happy ſtory,
Alwaies, and every where,
This reſident
Embaſſadour is ſent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counterwork
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light thoſe enemies, that lurk
Under ſins gloomy ſhade:
That hell may not
Still boaſt what it hath got.

Thus Babels curſe, confuſion, is retriev'd,
Diverſity of tongues
By this diviſion of the ſp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.

O let his intertainment than be ſuch,
As doth him beſt befit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the firſt fruits of bliſs.

Trinity Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art, aſſiſt me: for I ſee
The ſubject of this daies ſolemnity
So far excels in worth,
That ſooner may
I drain the ſea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully ſet it forth,
Except you joyn all three to take my part,
And chiefly grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay

Stay, buſie ſoul, preſume not to enquire
Too much of what *Angels* can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reaſon doth tranſcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghoſt,
Who moſt admireth, magnifieth moſt.

And who moſt magnifies beſt underſtands,
And beſt expreſſeth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When moſt they try
To glorifie,
And raiſe on high,
Fall ſhort, and lie
Groveling below: Mans giving
Is but reſtoring by retail, with loſs,
What from his God he firſt receiv'd in groſs.

Faith muſt perform the office of invention,
And Elocution ſtruck with apprehenſion
Of wonder ſilence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wiſe,
Beſt ſolemnize
This day: whereof the deep
Myſterious ſubject lies out of the reach
Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write *Non ultra* here; Look not for leave
To ſpeak of what thou never canſt conceive
Worthily, as thou ſhouldeſt:
And it ſhall be
Enough for thee,

If

If none but he
Himſelf doth ſee,
Though thou canſt not, thou wouldeſt
Make his praiſe glorious, who is alone
Thrice bleſſed one in three, and three in one.

Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place:
But thou canſt make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace.
So furniſhed it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou ſhalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to ſin ſet ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And ſo thy building was defac'd
And in thy room another plac'd.

But he uſurps, the right is thine:
O diſpoſſeſs him, Lord.
Do thou but ſay, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the firſt word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is alwaies; now's mine hour.

Now ſay to ſin, depart:
And, ſon give me thine heart.
Thou, that by ſaying, *Let it be*, didſt make it,
Canſt, if thou wilt, by ſaying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

ALas! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!

It will be mine undoing;
If he go
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my love, 'tis I.
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſufficient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy ſtead:
I'll put into thy ſtory
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes ſad ſoul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.

Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomneſs.
Be not afraid, I'll take
Thy ſins on me,
And all my favour make
To ſhine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
As I have made thee now, I take thee.

Reſolution and Aſſurance.

LOrd, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my ſin begot
That queſtion firſt: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy

Thy bloud was ſpilt
To waſh away my guilt.
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beſhrew that not.
'Twas deaths accurſed plot
To put that queſtion: Yes, I will,
Lord love thee ſtill,
In ſpite of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue ſtill
We ſhall, and will,
My Lord and I, untill,
In his celeſtial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not ſo, that I would ſin no more?
Witneſs my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the ſcore:
My faults cannot be hid.

What ſhall I do? Make vows, and break them ſtill?
'Twill be but labour loſt;
My good cannot prevail againſt mine ill:
The bus'neſs will be croſt.

O, ſay not ſo: thou canſt not tell what ſtrength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the laſt,
Thy God will pardon all that's paſt,
Vow, whilſt thou canſt: while thou canſt vow, thou (may'ſt
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkeſt leaſt.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilſt he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows, and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again.
Vows made with tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways,
Lord, ſay Amen,
And thine be all the praiſe.

Confuſion.

O! How my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought
That I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threds,
And narrow ſhreds,
Of liſts,
Knots ſnarled ruffs,
Looſe broken tufts
Of twiſts,
Are my torn meditations ragged cloathing,
Which wound, and woven ſhape a ſute for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my ſoul
But famiſh
With this food?
Pleaſures full bowl
Taſtes rammiſh,
Taints the blood.
Profit picks bones,
And chews on ſtones
That choak:
Honour climbs hills,

Fats

Fats not, but fills
With ſmoak.
And whilſt my thoughts are greedy upon theſe,
They paſs by pearls, and ſtoop to pick up peaſe.
Such wath and draff is fit for none but ſwine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Cloath me anew, and feed me then afreſh:
Elſe my ſoul dies famiſh'd, and ſtarv'd with fleſh.

A Paradox.

The worſe the better.

WElcome mine health: this ſickneſs makes me well.
Med'cins adieu:
When with diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my ſtrength: this weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loſs hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my credit: this diſgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome content: this ſorrow is my joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch griefs as may anoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Health, ſtrength, and riches, credit, and content,

Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent:
Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,
Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow.
Blest be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forsaking, me, relieves.
If in my fall my rising be thy will,
Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still.*
I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace supply my want of wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may see,
So I may be a scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

AN house I had (an heart I mean) so wide
And full of spacious rooms on every side,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not use, to entertain
Such guests as came: I did; But what befel
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas! I have her still)
A great big-belly'd guest enough to fill
The vast content of hell, Corruption.
By intertaining her, I lost my right
To more than all the world hath now in sight.
Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth one,
Or other base-begot *Transgression.*

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
All that I had, was forced now to score
For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would say
The least sum there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, beside continuance, chance.
Which could not chuse but much the debt en-

To

To ease me first I wish't her to remove:
But she would not. I su'd her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven but in vain,
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she;
And yet my death of no availe would be:
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of my self, had neither power nor will.
So desp'rate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his side there ran
Sins corrasives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
At mercies gate; where Faith alone may take,
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed:
None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted. She is where she was,
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks through mine eyes.
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries
All flow from hence: from hence my woes arise,

I loath my self, because I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice:
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
And putrifie: How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,
Or will not credit, untill they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmask'd,
Blabs her own secret filthiness unask'd,
To all that understand her. That do none,
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She first of all deprives them of their sight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.

The

The worſe part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I ſhould have ended, I begin.

The ſent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the place,
With odours of the ſpirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed ſpirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit.
And of my ſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raiſe me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no ſtate my ſelf, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avaunt?
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PEace, rebel thought: doſt thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the ſtanders by
Are but his ſpyes:
And well he knows, if thou ſhould'ſt it deny,
Thy words were lyes.
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will,
My ſelf complain.
My God, ev'n now a baſe rebellious thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that ſin,
And thou might both

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
And neither loath
The others company; a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.
And I refuse not punishment for this,
Though to my pain;
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee say,
That labours eas'd:
The fault, that is confest, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I sin again, and wreng thee then;
That do'st relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

The loss.

THe march is made
Between my love and me:
And therefore glad,
And merry, now I'll be.
Come glory, crown
My head,
And pleasures drown
My bed

Of

Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone,
Delight,
And joy alone
Befit
My honey, Moon.
Be packing now,
You comb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to ſighs and tears.
Whilſt thus I lay,
As raviſht with delight,
I heard one ſay,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice
My Lords,
And at the noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpy'd
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear;
But none reply'd;
Then to my grief,
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

WHither, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is ſo tender hearted,
Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never ſmarted?

No,

No ſure my love is here if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' ground;
My ſins his bloud have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thine abſence heav'n it ſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou provideſt
For all them, whom thou guideſt

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Untill thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh ſeek, and find me then, or elſe deny

Thy

Thy truth, thy self. Oh! thou canst not lye
Shew thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

The Return.

LOe, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see
'Tis he.
Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
Not trust
My joyes unto my self:
This shelf
Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'll rise,

And

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwels with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Must weep;
And in the brine of tears,
And fears,
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve;
Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balsom 'tis
For bliss;
Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may,
The Scriptures say,
The water did prevaile, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass
That flood, as far,
As heav'n one star,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinari'st things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation:
And we must need
Confess indeed.
That either is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In *Noahs* flood he and his houshold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load

Of

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd:
All safely on the waters rode.
But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;

And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'rflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.
Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,
When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sin.

SIn, I would fain define thee: but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence its strength doth draw.

I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:

And

And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I say thou art the devils work. Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father:
For he had been no devil but for thee.
What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.

Travels at home.

OFt have I wish'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never saies enough; yet still was croſt,
When opportunities had promis'd most.
At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandring elf,
To straggle thus? Go travel first thy self.
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Affrick thine affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
And neareſt, little world is still unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants; compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses.
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study

Study thy self and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge so,
And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilst oft the soul payes for the bodies fare,
Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further go.

The journey.

Life is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we rest, till it be time to rise
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair
Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
The world with its inticements sleek and fly,
Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
These carry us along; in these there lurks
Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to see us pierce our selves with sorrow
To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow, in
Puddles of pleasure; and we never lin
Daubing our selves, with dirty damn'd delights,
Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.

Some,

Sometimes we ſcramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To ſtep before our fellows: though, they ſay,
He ſooneſt tyreth, that ſtill leads the way.
Sometimes, when others juſtle and provoke us,
We ſtir that duſt our ſelves, that ſerves to choak us;
And raiſe thoſe tempeſts of contention, which
Blow us beſide the way into the ditch.
Our minds ſhould be our guids: but they are blind,
Our wills out-run our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious paſſions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to th' infernal ſhades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journeys end.

Engines.

MEn often find, when nature's at a ſtand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmoſt ſtrength,
That art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,
To piece her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in ſtore,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: ſhe hath engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what art and nature, when they view,
Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
And yet muſt needs acknowledge to be true;
So far tranſcending all their pow'r and might,
That they ſtand ev'n amazed at the ſight.

Take but three inſtances; faith, hope, and love.
Souls help'd by the perſpective glaſs of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reaſon: yea, the Scripture ſaith,
Ev'n him that is inviſible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
Of Gods eternal Counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as set
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet,
Felicity and misery, can crown
Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.
Nothing's impossible to faith: a man
May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above it self in expectation
Of what the soul desireth for its part:
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
To wait, as if't were answer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little center shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which gyant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath overspread the soul withall,
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,
As the Sun-beams spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,
When storms and tempests make them more than (giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wilderness;
And burdens seeming most intollerable
Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulness.

To

To do, or ſuffer, what appears in ſight
Extreamly heavy, love will make moſt light.

Yea, what by men is done, or ſuffered,
Either for God, or elſe for one another,
Though in ſelf it be much blemiſhed
With many imperfections, which ſmother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwiſe,
Or would be both divers, and diſtant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatſoever ſize
Eternity is of, or happineſs,
Love comprehends it all, bee't more, or leſs.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them poſſeſs mine heart,
And gladly I'll reſign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
To mount a ſoul, and make it ſtill ſtand ſtable,
Theſe are alone Engines incomparable.

To

To my Reverend Friend the Author of the *Synagogue*.

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your perſon; but now love you more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O ſhame to prophane wits)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of daies.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raiſe ſad ſouls above the earth
And fix them there
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a ſin,
Or lets a vertue in
To fight againſt it; and the Holy Ghoſt
Supports my frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W'are circumveſted with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And ſtand upon my guard,
And ſtill conſult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and ſay, Well fare his, and your heart,
The fountains of ſuch ſacred wit and art.

H. Wa.

TO His Ingenious friend, the Author of the *Synagogue*; Upon his Additional Church-Utenſils.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch ſtone's bold
To queſtion the more Noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my bluſhing hand
To try theſe Raptures, ſent to my poor Teſt;
But ſince your Queſtion's, Are they like the reſt?
I ſay they are the beſt:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confeſt.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They'r like the father too;
And you like him whoſe ſublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I ſtoop at ſtars that ſhine below my head;

Herbert!

Herbert! whose every strain
Twists holy Breast with happy Brain;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he,
Must climbe mount *Calv'ry* for *Parnassus* Hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t'instill
A Saint-like stile, back't with an Angels skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your piety so much alow
That structure with these ornaments t' endow,
All good men will avow,
Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnish't now.

I. L.

SIR,

SIR,

WHile I read your lines, me thinks I ſpie
Churches, and Church-men, and the old (Hierarchie,
What potent charms are theſe! You have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've loſt what was beſtowed on *Judah's* Prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years ſince.
The mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And times, and all look juſt as they did then.
Rubbiſh and ruins vaniſh't, every where
Order and comlineſs afreſh appear.
What cannot Poets do! They change with eaſe
The face of things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may ſee
The Poet, Prophet; his Verſe, Hiſtorie.

Jan. 1. 1654.

A. S.

FINIS.